THE

TRIUMPH

OF

TIME and *TRUTH.*

AN

ORATORIO.

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The (ALLEGORICAL) *Perſons of the Drama.*

TIME.

COUNSEL, (*or* TRUTH.)

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PLEASURE.

DECEIT.

CHORUS.

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ACT I.

CHORUS.

TIME *is ſupreme.* — Time *is a mighty Pow'r,*
Whom wiſeſt Mortals will adore.

RECITATIVE.

Beauty, [*Looking in a Glaſs.*]

How happy, could I fix but here;
And ſtop old *Time* in his Career!

AIR.

Faithful Mirror, fair-reflecting,
All my beauteous Charms collecting;
Which, I fear, will ſoon decay.
Thou ſhalt flouriſh ſtill in Splendor,
While theſe Glories I ſurrender,
Horrid Time's *devoted Prey.* [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Pleaſure. Fear not. — I, *Pleaſure*, ſwear
That theſe Charms you ſtill ſhall wear,
Ever-blooming, ever-fair.
Beauty. *Beauty*, thy Slave, this Vow ſhall make,
Sweet *Pleaſure* never to forſake:

And, if this Vow I diſregard,
In Pain and Anguiſh,
Let me languiſh,
Taſting Folly's due Reward.

AIR.

Pleaſure. *Penſive Sorrow, deep-poſſeſſing,*
Life deſpoils of every Bleſſing,
Wrapt in Shades of piercing Woe.
Who indulges Grief's ſad Paſſion,
(Sore Vexation!)
Knows no joyful Day below. [Da Capo.

AIR.

Sorrow darkens ev'ry Feature,
As when o'er the Face of Nature,
Gloomy Clouds their Mantle throw.
Pleaſure all-around enlightens,
Like the Sun that gayly brightens
Nature's Landskip here below. [Da Capo.

AIR and CHORUS.

Come, come, live with Pleaſure;
Taſte in Youth Life's only Joy.—
Old Age knows no Leiſure,
But dull wintry Thoughts t' employ.

RECIT.

Time [to *Beauty*.]

Turn — Look on me. — Behold old *Time*. —
Counſel. — And view *Counſel*, the Son of *Truth*. —
Time. — Who ſoon will ſhew,
How frail a Flower Beauty is.

Counſel.

Counſel. The Bloſſom of a Day, that ſprings and dies.

AIR.

The Beauty, ſmiling,
And ſweet-beguiling,
Soon drooping, dying,
Returns no more.
The Youth, now blooming,
And ſtill preſuming,
Few Moments flying,
Shall charm no more.

RECIT.

Pleaſure. Our different Pow'rs we'll try, and ſee
Who now ſhall gain the Victory;
Pleaſure, —
Beauty. — or *Beauty,* —
Time. — *Time,* —
Counſel. — or *Counſel.*

AIR.

Beauty. *Ever-flowing Tides of Pleaſure*
Shall tranſport me beyond Meaſure,
In this Conflict with old Time.
If he dares
To deſpoil this choiceſt Treaſure,
Beauty, *blooming in its Prime.*

RECIT.

Time. The Hand of Time pulls down
The great *Coloſſus* of the Sun,
The ſtone-built Caſtle, cloud-capt Tow'r;
And ſhall *Beauty'* oppoſe my Pow'r?

AIR.

AIR.

Loathſome Urns, diſcloſe your Treaſure,
(Pride and Pleaſure)
Unveil to me,
That I may ſee
If now any
Spark of Beauty ſtill remains.
No --- all dark as Night!
Tyrant Worms their Prey enjoying,
Duſt and Aſhes ſtill deſtroying,
Which my greedy Tooth diſdains.

CHORUS.

Strengthen us, O Time, *with all thy Lore:*
Teach us the Ways of Wiſdom.
[*Then ſhall we teach thy Ways unto the Wicked, and Sinners ſhall be converted unto thee.*]

RECIT.

Deceit. Too rigid the Reproof you give;
Too deep the Search of Truth.
Wiſe Men will ſtill in Pleaſure live,
And ſtill enjoy,
Without Annoy,
The proper Fruits of Youth.

AIR.

Happy Beauty, *Fortune now ſmiling,*
With gay Pleaſure and Mirth Time-beguiling,
Will enjoy the ſweet April *of Life.*
Come, indulge then no Doubts to perplex you,
Nor permit any Sorrow to vex you;
But live free from all Care and all Strife. Da Capo.

AIR

AIR and CHORUS.

Happy', if ſtill they reign in Pleaſure,
All the Sweets of Youth careſſing. ---
Happy', if ſlighting Time's *dull Meaſure,*
They enjoy the preſent Bleſſing. [Da Capo.

Counſel. Youth is not rich in Time; it may be, poor:
Nor can he call his own the paſſing Hour.
Time. Hence let thy Thoughts on Frailty range,
And know, that every Day,
Some Charm I make my lawful Prey,
Tho' unperceiv'd the Change.
Pleaſure. He beſt, he only Life enjoys,
Who will not think how faſt it flies.
Counſel. Yet, ere it is too late, give ear,
And this ſhort Maxim hear.

AIR and CHORUS.

Like the Shadow, Life ever is flying,
Seeming ſtill fix'd; ſo ſwift the Deluſion.
Man heeds not Time, *on Hope ſtill relying;*
Soon the Bell ſtrikes: and all is Confuſion.

ACT II.

CHORUS.

PLeaſure ſubmits to Pain,
As Day recedes to Night:
And Sorrow ſmiles again,
As Time *ſets all things right.*

Thus

Thus are the Seaſons chang'd,
And all in turn appear,
In various Order rang'd
Throughout the whole revolving Year.

RECIT.

Pleaſure. Here *Pleaſure* keeps her ſplendid Court,
Where all her Devotees reſort;
And, at her Nod, advance,
The coſtly Feaſt, the Carol, and the Dance;
Minſtrels, and Muſic, Poetry, and Play;
And Balls by Night, and manly Sports by Day.

SYMPHONY.

RECIT.

Beauty. Hark! What Sounds are theſe I hear?

CHORUS.

O, --- how great the Glory,
That crowns the Hunter's Toil!
Like Theſeus *fam'd in Story,*
He triumphs in the Spoil.

AIR.

Pleaſure. *Dryads, Sylvans, with fair* Flora,
Come, adorn this joyful Place:
Come, fair Iris, *and* Aurora,
This our Feſtival to grace.

CHORUS.

Lo! we all attend on Flora,
To adorn this joyful Place;
Iris *comes, with fair* Aurora,
This your Feſtival to grace.

AIR.

AIR.

No more Complaining,
No more Diſdaining,
See Pleaſure *reigning*
Without Controul:
Still more delighting,
Sweetly inviting,
New Charms exciting
The raptur'd Soul. [Da Capo.

AIR.

Pleaſure's *gentle Zephyrs playing,*
Bid thee ſail, without delaying,
And the Port of Bliſs obtain.
Let not doubtful Fear confound thee,
Taſte the Joys that now ſurround thee,
Nor let Pleaſure *ſmile in vain.* [Da Capo.

AIR.

Beauty. *Come,* O Time, *and thy broad Wings diſplaying,*
Strong eſſaying,
Sweep away,
Without Delay,
The joyous Pleaſures of this ſweet Abode.—
Lo! he ſleepeth.— His Strength no more availing,
His Pow'r no more prevailing,
To deſtroy Life's ſovereign Good.

AIR.

Counſel. *Mortals think, that* Time *is ſleeping,*
When ſo ſwiftly, unſeen He's ſailing.
But He comes with Ruin ſweeping,
In his Triumph never failing.

RECIT.

Time, [to *Beauty.*]

You thought to call in vain, — but ſee me here:
Theſe lower Regions are my proper Sphere.
Would you then dread no more
My hated Pow'r;
Prepare thee for a nobler Flight,
Amid the Realms of Light.
Time cannot climb the bliſsful Sky,
Nor follow Immortality.

AIR.

Falſe deſtructive Ways of Pleaſure
Leave, and court a nobler Treaſure,
In the ſtarry Realms above.
Here, tho' Folly's Sons defy me,
Yet in vain they ſeek to fly me;
While through all the World I rove.

RECIT.

Counſel, [to *Beauty.*]

Too long deluded you have been,
By *Pleaſure*'s falſe and flatt'ring Scene:
Behold fair *Truth,* the heav'nly Image ſee,
Not deck'd, but faireſt in Simplicity:
White Robes of Innocence ſhe wears;
Her Look, her Thoughts turn'd to her kindred Spheres.
Time. Behold her Mirror too,
Preſenting all things to your View
By juſt Reflection, be they falſe or true.

AIR.

AIR.

Pleaſure. *Lovely* Beauty, — *cloſe thoſe Eyes*;
Charming Beauty, — *Look not there*:
In that View all Pleaſure *dies*:
In Reflection 'is ſure Deſpair.

RECIT.

Deceit. Seek not to know, what known will prove
Grief more ſevere than ſlighted Love.

AIR.

Melancholy
Is a Folly;
Wave all Sorrow
Until to-morrow;
Life conſiſts in the preſent Hour.
This dear Treaſure we adore,
With grateful Ardor, ſtill employing,
Still enjoying,
The ſweet Moments in our Pow'r. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Time. What is the preſent Hour? 'tis born and gone:
Think on the Years already flown:
Think, when you'll ſee the Bliſs, but ſee in vain:
Think on convicted Error's ſelf-tormenting Pain.
Beauty. No more — I know not where to turn. —
My Heart's too ſad to laugh, too gay to mourn. —

AIR.

Fain would I, *two Hearts enjoying,*
This in Penitence employing,
Freely That reſign to Joy. —

RECIT.

Counſel. Vain the Delights of Age or Youth,
Without the Sanction and Applauſe of *Truth.* —
And as the Soul more bright appears,
Than the frail earthly Form ſhe wears;
So much true Pleaſures from this Glaſs,
All other ſublunary Joys ſurpaſs.

AIR.

On the Valleys, dark and chearleſs,
From the Mountain's Summit, fearleſs,
Soon you'll with Contempt look down:
And theſe darling Pleaſures ſlighting,
In ſublimer Views delighting,
Disbelieve that Choice your own. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Time. Not venial Error This, but ſtubborn Pride,
To leave a ſure and friendly Guide;
Who ſeeing you bewilder'd ſtray,
Points out the ſhort and eaſy Way.
See, ſee the happy Port before you lies;
And *Time* exhorts you to be wiſe.
Beauty. Darkly, as through a Glaſs, I ſee
The immenſe Treaſure of Futurity:
But preſent Joys my Heart perplex,
That, though inclin'd, I cannot fix,
To leave this Scene for Immortality.

AIR.

AIR.

Hear the Call of Truth *and Duty,*
And to Folly bid adieu:
Ere to Duſt is chang'd that Beauty,
Change the Heart, and Good purſue.

CHORUS.

Ere to Duſt is chang'd that Beauty,
Change the Heart, and Good purſue.

ACT III.

RECITATIVE.

Deceit, [to *Beauty.*]

ONCE more I Thee addreſs,
Regardful of thy Happineſs.

AIR.

Charming Beauty, *ſtop the ſtarting Tear from flowing*
All adown the roſy Cheek;
Pleaſure *ſtill new Charms beſtowing,*
Ever chearful Pleaſure ſeek. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Beauty. Tempt me no more:
Your Words give no Relief;
I know no Pleaſure
But in virtuous Grief.

AIR.

Sharp Thorns deſpiſing,
Cull fragrant Roſes:
Why ſeek you Pleaſures
Mix'd with Alloy?

Old Age ſurprizing,
Soon the Scene cloſes:
Life's only Treaſure's
Life to enjoy.

RECIT.

Counſel. Regard her not. — Unvalued here,
Such Tears may fall; but know, each Tear will prove
A precious Pearl in Heav'n above.
Beauty. Soft and prevailing is thy Voice. — Alas! —
Too long I've err'd. — Put forth the heav'nly Glaſs.
Counſel. Behold! it waits your View.
Beauty. Now, *Pleaſure*, take my laſt Adieu.

AIR.

My former Ways reſigning,
To Virtue's Cauſe inclining,
Thee, Pleaſure, *now I leave.*
Leſt when my Spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor Sickneſs Comfort give.

ANTHEM.

[*Comfort them, O Lord, when they are ſick:*
Make Thou their Bed in Sickneſs:
Keep them alive; let them be bleſſed upon Earth.]

RECIT.

Beauty. Since the immortal Mirror I poſſeſs,
Where *Truth*'s reflective Beauties glow;
Thee, faithleſs Form, deluding Glaſs,
Thee to thy native Earth I throw.

Pleaſure.

Pleaſure. Ah! ſtay, forbear.
Counſel. [to *Pleaſure.*] In vain you this Prevention dare.

AIR.

Thus to Ground, Thou, falſe, deluſive,
Flatt'ring Mirror, Thee I throw.
Thou, who, with vain Art abuſive,
Didſt exalt each charming Feature,
Far beyond the Pride of Nature,
Feigning Happineſs below. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Beauty. O mighty *Truth*, thy Pow'r I ſee!
All that was fair, ſeems now Deformity.
This Day my Pride ſhall from its Height deſcend;
This Day my Reign of Vanity ſhall end.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Adieu, vain World, in ſearch of greater Good,
I'll paſs my Days in ſacred Solitude.
'Tis fit the Slave of Vanity ſhould dwell,
In ſome ſequeſter'd penitential Cell.

AIR.

Time. *From the Heart, that feels my Warning,*
Grateful are the Tears that flow.
Pearly Drops the Flow'rs adorning,
Grace not more the dewy Morning,
Nor ſuch Bleſſings can beſtow. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Beauty. *Pleaſure*, too long Aſſociates we have been,
Now ſhare Conviction from *Truth*'s radiant Scene,

Or

Or far be gone for ever from my Sight. —

Pleasure. As with *Error* I long have been dwelling,
I with *Truth* now can have no Contentment.

AIR.

Like Clouds, stormy Winds them impelling,
Disdainful, I fly with Resentment.

Hark! the Thunders round me roll,
Truth's *awful angry Frowns I see:*
Her Arrows wound my trembling Soul;
Nor is there any Joy for me.
Ah no! Truth *drives me to Despair;*
Open, ye Rocks, and hide me there. [Da Capo.

RECIT.

Beauty. Farewel. — Now *Truth,* descending from the Sky,
Clad in bright Beams, its glorious Light displays,
O, Thither let me cast my longing Eye,
And strive to merit the inspiring Rays.

AIR.

Guardian Angels, O, protect me,
And in Virtue's Path direct me,
While resign'd to Heav'n above.
Let no more this World deceive me,
Nor vain idle Passions grieve me,
Strong in Faith, in Hope, in Love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

FINIS.